

The Burden of Innocence

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Summary: Jane has committed herself to solo, after she fled her family, but what happens when she meets a teen who's similar to her in ways she can't imagine? Hey guys! Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Maggie the Mangle, and I am a fan of Five Nights At Freddy's, which led to CreepyPasta's. On top of that, I have a deep passion for wolves. Lastly, I would love to thank you all! 3

The Burden of Innocence

I would be lying if I said I wasn't somewhat screwed up. Not even my own parents accepted me. From the moment my first word was "Die!" (dad and hi combined), my sanity was on a small tightrope, prepared to lose its balance and tip over at any moment. When it did, my entire world turned hellbent and shattered, but that's a story for later.

(Hey guys! Thank you so much for wasting your time with my first ever fan fiction! x3 •̀•́ Thank you all!)

At the age of nine, my entire atmosphere collapsed, or at least took a decline in its path, when I put long winding scars down my face, smearing my cheeks and forehead with blood. I looked at myself in the mirror, and laughed. My laugh cracked, and transformed to a cruel, thin cackle, as crimson drops landed at my feet. I lifted the blade to my lips, and carefully licked the blood off the knife. Another chuckle escaped my mouth, as I heard footsteps from upstairs...coming downstairs. A smirk caressed my face, as my terrified mother turned to the bathroom to face her scarred daughter. She put a shocked hand over her mouth and gasped. "Jane?" I didn't hold back my laughter, as a giggle turned to a chuckle to hysterical laughter.

"That's it," my mother decided. "I'm taking you to a therapist."

"Make me," I replied.

She put a hand on her hip, "Jane, dearâ€¦"

I shook my head and my chocolate hair circled my neck in wild dances. "No."

"I didn't ask you, Jane. I told you." She paused and added, "That's final."

I sighed, a fake but believable sigh. "Fine, then. Just give me a moment to clean myself up." She nodded, and I shut the door behind her. Now, I was alone. That was what I needed. I turned the lock on the door, and it snapped shut with a high _click_. Obviously mom heard the small noise, and began pounding on the door for me to come out. She knew trouble was coming, but it was her fault in the first place to leave me alone. I unlocked the window, and slid it open. By now, I thought momma would knock the door down on her own, so I quickly hauled myself over, and sprinted in the other direction, knife in hand.

That day, my new life dawned on me as the sun set. After two days of being alone, a man suddenly asked me what was wrong with my face. That it was weird and ugly. I raised an eyebrow, "Excuse me?"

"Yes, you, kid."

"What about it?"

"Did you burn it, cut it? Why is it so damn ugly?" He traced a finger along one of my fresh scars, and I slapped his hand away. "So," he started. "The zebra has some biteâ€¦"

"Zebra?" I snapped. "Did you just call me...zebra?" I said disgustedly. He smirked, as if he expected me to react so, but I didn't want to be predicted. I reached for the knife in my belt, and slowly lifted it from the belt hole it lived in. Something snapped inside of me. Something dangerous like a spiral of toxic gases, threatening both my humanity and the man's health. He lifted an eyebrow, shocked, and ran into the alley. Big mistake. He was clearly not from here, because an alley always has a dead end at the end. We sprinted for a few yards, a clear game of cat and mouse.

Once he reached the wall, he frantically turned his head to me and back to the wall. "Y-you wouldn't. You couldn'tâ€¦" he muttered.

"Oh, I'm sorry, but apparently this 'zebra' has some bite, and maybe, just maybe, her teeth are a bit too sharp." I was about six feet away from him, and still circling in. "Any last words?" But if he said anything, I had cut him off with a quick stab in the neck. The man fell to his knees, coughing blood, as I fled the scene, slipping my kitchen knife in my belt loop as I ran.

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Somehow, I had made it out to the age of sixteen by myself. I had only committed more murders and only made my criminal record even higher, but managed to conceal myself with a pale mask, black at the eyes and lips, along with a tight, black dress, and usually bare feet. I had dyed my hair a deep, midnight black to keep myself hidden from the people who knew my alter-ego. But I was no longer Jane

Kiana. I was Jane...Jane the Killer, and now, the whole region knew me. I was constantly breaking into houses, using my "window technique" I had developed since that last day at my home that was so distant, that it was a dark stranger tha only knew me in my nightmares.

One night, I had located a family's house. Two twin daughters, an older son, and two parents. It was a very average family, but not for long. As I scampered through the woods, leaving sunken footsteps behind me, I was suddenly aware of someone watching me. A warm breath was dissolving on my icy skin on the back of my unguarded neck. I whirled around swiftly, removing my knife from a sheath I had purchased from a small shop. I gripped the handle, as I met the entrancing gaze of a disembodied teen who seemed my age. "Who are you?" I studied his face. His face was a snowy, pale white. There was a noseless gap between his ocean-blue widened eyes and his toothy smile. He had sliced his mouth so a oozing scar was spreading in an artificial smile beginning at the dimples of his lips and trailing to his cheek bones. They had black, filthy, uneven stitches at the tips, but they were easily wearing down. He eyed my knife that I was holding to his throat. "It was my find first!" I snapped, ignoring his absent response. "Back off!"

He chuckled, amused. "Foolish girlâ€|" He easily deflected the blade with his very own. "Clearly, we are after the same thing."

I raised an uneasy eyebrow. "And what exactly _am_ I after?"

"Murder, my dear, murder. I know exactly who you are, Jane."

I gasped. "Y-you know my name?"

He chuckled, "Doesn't everyone know?"

I shrugged, but smirked underneath my frozen mask. I put a hand lightly on my shoulder in a pose to resemble that I was thinking, but after holding it for a few moments, I dropped it and sprinted towards the house. He gasped, shocked, but soon followed close behind. By then, we were both laughing, hiding our competitiveness. Thanks to my head start, I made it first to the window, only it was wide open. I slipped through the window carelessly, and fell to the ground, landing on my feet easily. I was in the living room, a crimson couch seated next to a matching chair. A television was hanging over a crackling fireplace. Pictures and paintings adorned the lavender walls. The room felt like a warm welcome to a stranger's home. Or that's what it was, rather than what it felt like. The man heaved himself over the windowsill, and padded by my side.

"By the way," he said. "It's Jeff."

"Hello, Jeff." It was unspoken, but we were a team, at least for now. "Let's split up. You take the left, I take the right, deal?"

"Deal." Quietly and cautiously, we stalked down the hallway. I carefully turned the knob to the only door down my hall. The door creaked when I opened it, so I stepped behind

If in a tense position. Across the hall, on the other side of the small home, Jeff waved to me. I gave a quick nod of acknowledgment,

and turned my focus back to the task at hand. My head peeked around the door frame to see two sleeping figures in a queen sized bed. For a moment, I was still, matching my heartbeat to Jeff's footsteps on the background. It was a sharp, childish scream that woke the two up.

The man sat bolt upright, and gasped, "Ally!" The woman sat herself up shakily, but noticed me quicker, "Get out! Get out, you-"

"Shhh, that's no way to treat a guest, now, is it?" I smirked, and gripped my blade even tighter. "Don't worry," I said. "You'll meet her somewhere else, your 'Ally'."

Another scream, a sharp, hoarse voice, "Go to sleep," behind me.

The man got up quickly, but froze, noticing my sly smile.

"Any last words, Monsieur or Madame?" I said, partly imitating an english accent while lifting the knife to the man's throat. After a clear "Don't hurt the children," I slit his throat, and let him fall to his knees. "Madame?" She screamed, so to hush her, I put a snowy, white hand over her lips. "Hush, hush. There's no need to yellâ€|"

She shuddered, "Don't hurt my childrenâ€|", but she screamed the loudest when I stabbed her.

I threw my head back, and stifled a laugh, interrupted by a crash, followed by a soar chuckle, and concluded with a more manly scream. The entire house was dead. All of them. My heart raced when I heard heavy footsteps heading in my direction, but I calmed myself down, reminding me he's on my side. "Done?" I asked.

He smirked slyly, "Unfortunately, there were only three. I thought I saw four. Oh, well." He sighed. I noticed his once clear white hoodie was now splattered with blood, and his jeans seemed to have gotten the worst of it. "But the cops should be here any moment, so I suggest we get the hell out of here," he said, pointing behind him to the window. The wall in front of him was dripping in blood, but it looked like a pattern, so I stepped back, and realized it was exactly what I heard him say earlier: "Go to sleep". The auburn curtains were soaring in the howling wind, only to be pulled back by the curtain rods that held them captive.

I nodded, "Agreed," and started towards the window sill. Once there, I noticed that he wasn't following. I turned to find him staring at my mask, the hollow eyes, the pale, black lips, the carefully arched eyebrows. "Is everything alright?"

In a moment, he snapped out of his little trance, and managed to say, "Sorry, I'm fine. I was just...admiring your...maskâ€|"

I crossed my arms across my chest. "Come on. Let's get out of here." This time, when I turned to the window, I could hear his footsteps, and, once again, they managed to match my heartbeat. There was something very unnerving about his presence, but I couldn't tell whether I hated it or loved it. Either way, he was my ally now, so I would just have to deal with it. I thrust myself over the window, and slipped out into the night. I had broken in, carried out most of the plan, and escaped easily. It was a successful mission. I felt the

ground shudder when Jeff hit the ground beside me. I switched my pace to a light run, and he followed. By then, I was just testing if I was in charge here, and I learned my lesson when he took a wild turn into an alley. I sighed, realizing he was dominant, and turned around to face the alley. Cautiously, I took steps towards him. My mind flashed to that first kill, when I was nine. I was circling in on someone in a dark alleyway at night, knife in hand. I shook the thought away, and picked up my speed to him, slowing when I approached him.

He stared at me, just as he did in the family's home. His gaze was cold, icy, shaky, and I couldn't look away. Suddenly, but slowly, he reached under my chin, and lifted up the mask so it was sitting on my matted, solid, black hair. For a moment, his eyes traced the several scars on my face, and he used a delicate finger to lightly run along them. "You're just like meâ€|" he said. It was a bit selfish to compare me to him, but I didn't mind. It's not like the we murdered an entire family for the sake of others, is it? He slipped his free hand under my chin again, and leaned towards me, pressing his lips softly to mine, and pulling away. Jeff suddenly ran off in the other direction, as if embarrassed, although I knew he wasn't. My eyes widened at his absence, completely surprised from the recent episode.

I never saw Jeff again, after that. I made it a priority to find him, but no matter how hard I tried, I never found him. It was as if he fled with a piece of me in his hands. Occasionally, I find myself tracing my scars, just the way he did. I always stop myself, but then I remember his words, "_You're just like meâ€|" _, and rather than thinking of it as selfish, I find it quite selfless.

It was a warm, humid summer night, when I visited that alley one more, not expecting to find anyone, but I noticed footprints on the cobblestone path. When I looked up from the point the trail ended, a figure was crouched on the tall wall, his deep, midnight hair flowing in the soft wind. He turned his head, and I recognized him immediately.

"Jeff?"

"What did I tell you?" He started. "Obviously, we both had the idea of coming here. You're just like me."

End
file.